

## LT. GOV. LEE'S LURID LETTERS

A Remarkable Contribution to Psychology of Corrupt Politics.

The latest sensation in the tragic work of Prosecutor Folk of St. Louis is the publication of John A. Lee's letters to D. J. Kelley, the baking powder trust's lobbyist, at present living at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada.

It will be remembered that when the "bust-up" came in Missouri, and rotten fragments flew, the lieutenant governor of the state, John A. Lee, surrendered to Prosecutor Folk of St. Louis a \$1,000 check he had received from Kelley.

Kelley had disappeared, of course. There was some hue and cry after him and, for a time, it appeared that Lee had slowly spurned a bribe after two weeks' consideration—feeble spurning—but soon the pile of filth was raked. Lee was a head center of the legislative holdup gang at Jefferson City and had simply gotten cold feet when the ticklish time came.

The letters of Lee are a remarkable contribution to the psychology of corrupt politics.

In 1896 the free silver wave got its grand momentum in the Missouri state Democratic convention at Sedalia. Every delegate by that great state convention chosen to go to the Chicago convention was forced, before being accepted, to rise and swear that he was for free silver.

Before this picturesque and pulsant procedure was adopted the St. Louis delegation had related hopelessly and angrily. The St. Louis men sat in the seclusion of the rear of the opera house, near the stage, an island of hard, red city faces in the midst of a sea of whiskeys.

It was a farmers' convention and the old lady with the cayenne and cayenne whiskeys and shaved upper lips were there, prancing like old nags suddenly turned colts. The city crowd drank black whisky, scowled blackly and chewed cigars fiercely and as the sultry day wore on and grew hotter and hotter and the adamantine old free silver farmers proceeded to throw every known or suspected sobbing out of the delegation to Chicago, the St. Louis delegation grew deeper and glared more fiercely. One of them made a very good speech. His name was John A. Lee. His speech was so strong and temperate that, except for the heart-dead determination of the farmers he would have gained the point against the "awful for silver or get out" rule.

In Kansas City the Commercial club gives a grandiloquent annual banquet. Every man in town who thinks he is somebody tries to secure a chance to pay the rather stiff price per plate and get hilarious in evening dress. Some notable national personage, vivid in the popular eye, is always secured as orator of the occasion.

Patriotism and wine flows with that abandon which has its impressive excuse in the glory and honor of the town. The American eagle, it must be confessed, is lavishly used to add to the glory of the city. The eagle screams and Kansas City hurrahs. Greatest country in the world and greatest town of the greatest country.

A few years ago I attended one of these banquets and, of all the notable speakers who furnished the oratory, I remember only one and him because of the enthusiasm of an overdone banquetter.

Three cheers had been given for the governor of some great state or other, who had just delivered his oration. When the overdone person rose on a chair and attempted, with tears choking his voice, to make a speech in favor of persons who ought to be governors.

The man whose speech had excited this outburst of the banquetter was John A. Lee of St. Louis, and, therefore, of all that brilliant galaxy of orators and their orations, I remembered only Lee, and the line:

"Three cheers for Lee—the gentleman who ought to be governor!"

It is almost weird to know that the big voiced, earnest man who tried impressively to stem the tide at St. Louis convention and who made that fine speech which excited one man, at least, to tears, at the banquet in Kansas City, is the author of the letters of lobby, the letters of a lobbyist, of which the following are samples:

"St. Louis, April 1, 1901.—Just finished hard campaign. Wells, good Democrat, elected mayor. Senator Stone gulped and went out of town. Aligned spoke against the ticket. Bryan wrote a letter denouncing Wells, but I stood by the guns and have licked them all. J. A. L."

"July 22, 1901.—Dear Friend: I have no ill-feeling against you, but you know I can't live like a department store girl on \$3 a week. If I had margin money I would buy today. No corn left. Farmers must feed their stock. December wheat will go from 60 cents to \$1.25. If I had money I would buy wheat, wheat, wheat. J. A. L."

"July 23, 1901.—Friend Kelley: If I had money yesterday to take my own advice I would be \$2,000 ahead this morning. Corn crop is destroyed. Finest crop of wheat in years. J. A. L."

"Aug. 2, 1901.—Grateful for your promise of help, and I admit I deserve it."

"Oct. 17, 1901.—I did not think you would go into printing business. If a fellow does not try he will never succeed. Layton was ground to see me the other day. Can't he do up some plan to get business for Interstate Grocer? You know I am your friend and am ready to stand by you. Good business principles, however, should not be overlooked. If I could get some money we should take away from them, why not let me get it? I stand by my friends. I always stand by people who stand by me. On account of my necessities I do not want to miss an opportunity to raid the commissary department of the enemy. J. A. L."

"Nov. 14, 1901.—Send me five dollars, as I need \$4 to \$5 every time I go out."

"March, 1901.—I got \$1,000 for my railroad committee."

"Nov. 30, 1901.—I beat Bryan 594. Dockery 2,458 votes. Man against me was ex-grandmaster of Masons and now grand potentate of Shriners. Pretty good work for a scrub, wasn't it?"

"December, 1901.—I have a scheme to get up a trade paper combination. We could force the trusts and big corporations to give us advertising."

"Feb. 26, 1902.—Am not making any money. Have stood by all and will again in future. You will see from enclosed that I am a member of the St. Louis 101. Must have money to keep my standing; need \$20 to start. You ought to give me a job for the National Health society at \$150 a month."

"March 10.—You worry me with your talk. If you go in I will handle the business. I need no attorneys and you never needed any. I have been compelled to spend hundreds for dinners, wines and everything on expense and neglect my business, to my loss and undoings. I saw the other day and told

him you wanted to fight the fool adulterator the next time. The first word he uttered was: 'Good. Would not he give up a retainer right away? If so we could use some of it in the coming campaign this fall. You know what I want. I want you to control the situation out here. I can hold it and no one else can without an enormous outlay, but I must be put on the payroll. I can't do business and spend money without resources. Two of your senatorial friends were in to see me yesterday and took dinner with me at a cost of \$300. I like you. You are a good fellow, a jolly good fellow, and have been kind to me and mine socially and otherwise, but business is business and must be awarded to those who control the situation, and I control it. I control both and can make them work for me without change and work like the devil. Otherwise I could and would ruin them. They dance to my music and have told me that they were subject to my orders."

"I have been true and faithful day and night and have taken all the abuse. I need \$150 every month to take care of the situation with and no more. The advertising you give is an outside matter and does not count. I am not kicking or howling. I am only replying to that ha! ha! ha! letter of yours. (Signed) J. A. L."

"March 15, 1902.—Friend Kelley: If you have lost interest in matters out here and are indifferent, I would like to know your attitude and conclusion at once, so that I can go to the opposition and make overtures to them. Even if you should desire to withdraw all advertising for paper and eliminate all expenses I could easily go to the opposition and make up for it. If you are going to desert me I want to be so informed and be given a chance to reinforce my position or make honorable terms of capitulation to the enemy. Yours truly, JOHN A. LEE."

"March 17, 1902.—Dear Friend: I am confident an effort will be made at repeal legislation next time. I want to do a lot of work. Get \$1,000 from state and \$1,000 from merchant association. These fellows are going to put up a great fight. Two alum men just in to see me. There are twenty of them in a combination. I shall say no more. I am not a lawyer or a lawyer, but if you don't do anything there are ways of getting money that I know of. There are other opportunities that can be seized, but I am about closing time and the bank doors being locked, a belated, excited man with his hands full of checks and drafts rushed up and demanded to be let in."

"Listen," the author whispered hoarsely in the other man's ear. "I'm waiting to get in myself. I've just sent a boy up for a Jimmy and some dynamite and he'll be here most any minute."

The other man dodged out to the Broadway entrance to get into the front door and warn the bank."

Mark Twain crossed the arcade and stood in front of the backer shop, where a bald-headed man stopped in front of him and remarked:

"I'll take a dozen bottles if it will give me a head of hair like yours. How, though. Is your real?"

Mark didn't open his mouth or move so much as an eyelid.

"Well, I'm d-d," said the bald-headed man. "It's the most perfect piece of wax figure work I ever saw. It beats the crowd heads of Europe in twenty-third street."

Before halting again Mark Twain looked carefully at the signs and quickened his pace to get by a manœuvre, ran by a book stall, dodged away from a soda fountain, and finally stopped in front of the arcade entrance to the bank. It was about closing time and the bank doors being locked, a belated, excited man with his hands full of checks and drafts rushed up and demanded to be let in."

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## MARK TWAIN—BARBER.

The Bald-Headed Man Mistook the Hairdresser and So Did Others.

New York.—Mark Twain began to get ready for the yacht races by having his Panama straw hat of the vintage of '98 brushed up at a hat cleaning booth. It took a long time to clean the hat, and while waiting for the job to be done, Twain, like a "three for five," which it wasn't, for he said so.

"The kind of dust that flew from the brush made it made about 1,000 revolutions a minute on the cleaner's electric wheel choked Clemens, and the ill wind from the wheel made his cigar burn sideways like a "three for five," which it wasn't, for he said so.

To get out of the draft Mark Twain moved along the corridor to wait in front of the next stall, which happened to be occupied by a hairdresser. One woman thought he was the proprietor.

"If you are sure those dandruffs were cut fresh this morning," said the woman, "I would like a dozen."

"Madame I am not sure," replied Mark. "Your question has taken all the luck out of me. I am not allowed to sell blossoms myself. I merely am the door attendant."

Thereupon Mark opened the door of the hairdresser's place and bowed the woman in. Then he moved along to the next place, where they sell elevated road tickets. A fat woman hurrying through the arcade stopped in front of him and asked breathlessly:

"Do you transfer to Huckleberry?"

"Thank you, madam. I have a sort of speaking liking for Huck Finn myself."

The woman screamed, grabbed her child, and fled.

The author of "Huckleberry Finn" then advanced in matters out here and are indifferent, I would like to know your attitude and conclusion at once, so that I can go to the opposition and make overtures to them. Even if you should desire to withdraw all advertising for paper and eliminate all expenses I could easily go to the opposition and make up for it. If you are going to desert me I want to be so informed and be given a chance to reinforce my position or make honorable terms of capitulation to the enemy. Yours truly, JOHN A. LEE."

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## DICKENS ON THE STAGE.

Latest Version of "David Copperfield" Delights the Gallery—Paderewski and Other Famous Musicians at Work on Grand Operas—Gossip of European Theaters.

Special Correspondence.

London, Aug. 8.—There was uncommon interest in the latest attempt to put Dickens on the stage. But "Em'ly" at the Adelphi only proves anew the truth that whereas the great novelist's characters and plots are probably immortal, yet the treatment of them—the exaggeration, the burlesque, the ultra-vicious vice, and the ultra-virtuous virtue, the tendency of the women to be

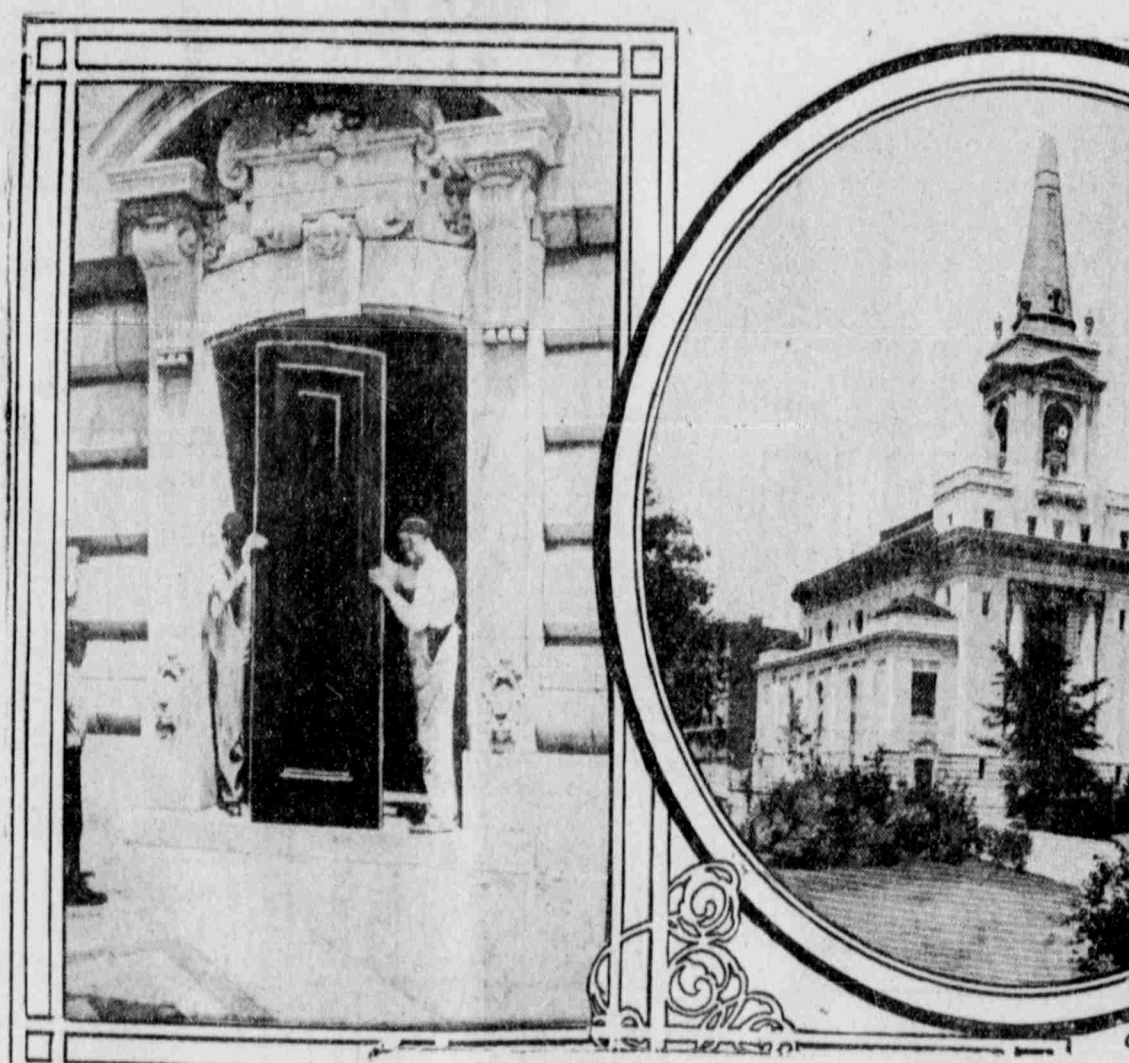
come lay-figures—is not according to modern taste. The sympathetic present-day reader of Dickens shies over these peculiarities and gets as much pleasure as ever out of what is underneath, reconstructing for himself characters who are not at all like the illustrations drawn by Hablot Browne for the early editions of Dickens. But when you put Dickens on the stage, the peculiarities have to become the outward and visible sign by which we recognize our old friends: David Copperfield became a

## NEW LIGHTNING BUILDER.



Mr. Caldwell is one of the most remarkable men in the west. He expects to finish the Agricultural building at the World's Fair, St. Louis, within 50 days and the Horticultural building in less time. Caldwell is a Delaware man and holds the world's record for rapid building, won when he erected the West Baden hotel in Indiana, containing 612 rooms and 8,000,000 bricks, finished in eight and one-half months.

## NEW MILLION DOLLAR CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH.



CAUCASIAN WALNUT DOOR at 96 1/2 E. 2nd St.

## AIR AS A FERTILIZER.

At the sitting of the International Chemical congress today, Dr. Frank, of Charlottenburg, spoke on the utilization of the free nitrogen of the air for agricultural and industrial purposes. Dr. Frank said he had discovered a method by the employment of electrically obtained carbide, of transferring nitrogen from the air into compounds of amide and cyanogen, which provided raw materials for the manufacture of ammoniac salts, prussiate of potash, and cyanide of potassium. Calcium carbide so made had proved to be an excellent manure, which operated up to agriculture an inexhaustible source of nitrogen independent of foreign countries. Sir William Ramsay, who is staying with Prof. Fischer, will be presented tomorrow with the Hoffman gold medal by the German Chemical society, and Prof. Moisson, of Paris, will receive the society's medal at the same time. This honor has nothing to do with the International Chemical congress.—(See Correspondent of London Express.)

## VILLAGE LIFE.

We prefer to live in a small town where all the people sympathize with you in trouble, and if you haven't any trouble will run up some for you.—(Formosa New Era.)

## A MERCIFUL GUILLOTINE.

In the market of Gotherburg a guillotine for the purpose of slaughtering fowls purchased by the public has been installed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—(London Mail.)



AUGUSTA E. STETSON, CO'D.

dull young prig; Little Em'ly becomes vague and colorless, and Uriah Hoop becomes impossibly 'umble and creepy. In the latest stage version of "David Copperfield" the scenes alternate chiefly between Mr. Wickfield's office, where Uriah Hoop and Mr. Micawber hold forth, and the ark, where good old Mrs. Gummidge, Ham, Steerforth and Little Em'ly play out their tragedy. In the end Steerforth is brought into the Yarmouth cottage to die, but Ham is permitted to live, and evidently with good prospect of marrying Little Em'ly, after all. The staginess of it all made the more fashionable parts of the Adelphi somewhat uneasy on the opening night, but pit and gallery were wildly enthusiastic. An interesting feature of the performance was the appearance of Madge Leasing, of music hall fame, in the unenvied part of Little Em'ly, in which she probably did everything that could be done to make the character something more than a doll.

Ignace Jan Paderewski is spending the summer at his beautiful home near Moritz in Switzerland, putting in most of his spare time on the new opera he is writing to the libretto of Catulle Mendes. Although his French opera could hardly be called a success, his hope for undying fame as an operatic composer is said to be unshaken. He is now a rich man, whose assets probably don't have a queer experience in this connection. It was rather a good comedy, and just missed being a success. It was only a little too old-fashioned, amounting up to a million dollars, and his position as the greatest living pianist is generally considered secure. But the fame of pianists is fleeting and Paderewski's name is being overshadowed. He has just finished a cantata which will be produced this season by the choir of the Philharmonic society of Warsaw in the pianist's native Poland. He is now thinking of making a tour of Australia next season.

Eugen D'Albert, who is perhaps Paderewski's most formidable rival, and who has rather the start of his Polish brother in the matter of operatic work, has also just finished an opera on text by Rudolf Lothar, which is to be produced at Prague in October. In fact the continent is likely to get a surprising amount of new grand opera, presently. George Henschel, who was the first of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's distinguished line of conductors, has completed another opera "Nubia," which will be produced at Carlsruhe next season, and Hermann Zumpfe, the Munich conductor has completed a grand opera based on some of the Buddhist legends of India, which is to be produced at Munich next year. Last but not least, Anton Dvornik will come forward again in Prague next October with his new opera "Armide." After all this surprising output Heinrich Conrad can have no cause for complaint of the lack of new material by men big enough to be worthy of the American grand opera season.

Perhaps music of the stage is looking up. At any rate, Mark Ambien's latest comedy "A Sunn Little Kling-toned and stagey and goody-goody for London taste. The author conceived the ingenious idea of turning it into a musical play, wrote a lot of lyrics for it and got Walter Slaughter to write the music. In the new form it was carried forth to the provinces, where it has been so well received that author and manager are now thinking of bringing it back to London.

Mrs. Kendal is going to stray away to the lecture stage in the early part of next year with a series of recitals, mostly Shakespearean.

Baddon Chambers, who has been at work for some time on a comedy for Maxine Elliott, sails for New York in October to superintend the production of

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